THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(*Continued from page* 327.)

LETTER XVIII.

My dear E——,

DR. MOORE'S travels and those of Mr. Coxe, will tell you of the little town of Versoix, of Nyon, and of the other towns on the road to Lausanne; they will give you some idea too of the Pays de Vaud, of its highly cultivated hills and vallies, and of the general appearance of the country, which is bounded by the Jura, not unlike the Blue Ridge in appearance, though considerably higher, on the one side, and by the lake on the other; the opposite, or Savoy side of the lake has not been so favoured by nature, or improved by art; and the appearance of cultivation gradually declines, until it ceases altogether with the black and gloomy precipices of Meillerie. As we travelled slowly, we stopped for the night at Morges, a very pretty, and well built town in the finest part of la Côte; it is a place of trade too, and has a harbour of almost an acre and a half in dimension, where the vessels of the lake take shelter in case of bad weather, and where the Genevois, who has ventured so far from home by water and for the first time, feels as I did when I entered the Gironde. A daughter of a person whom you have seen at Georgetown, resides here with her relations, and came to see us at our inn: she is a very pretty girl of about eleven, who lives with people whom she loves and who are tenderly attached to her, in a beautiful spot, and in one of the finest climates in the world, and had been all day in the vintage, and yet she did assure us,

that she had rather have passed her summer at Georgetown, or on Waccamaw: such is the invincible effect of early prejudice!

You are acquainted with Lausanne by description; but no description can give you an adequate idea of the extreme beauty of the country, which rising into irregularly broken hills, with the appearance, upon a great scale, of the ocean, when, after a storm the wind has suddenly shifted, is every spot of it under the highest cultivation. It was here that the celebrated Mr. Gibbon passed seven or eight happy years of his life, in the composition of a work, which gave him fame and fortune, and in the enjoyment of the sort of society he preferred to all others. See an account of his house and gardens, in one of the volumes of his posthumous works. As we walked upon what was formerly his terrace, the garden appeared inferiour to the account he gives of it; but the vineyards, inclining by a rapid slope towards the lake, and the elegant and comfortable seats and farm houses without number, and the lake itself, now at its broadest, and the opposite shore, would require a pen superiour even to that of Mr. Gibbon.

Along the wall of the terrace we saw preserved in earthen pots many of the common plants of our country, which, whatever we may think of them, are treated here like strangers of distinction; there was a small Pride of India, about three feet high, and a little Calico Tree, and a plant of the Prickly Pear, and a Dwarf of Palmetto, which, placed as a curiosity in a finely varnished vase, put me very much in mind of the Porter in one of Farquar's plays, who is disguised in beau Clincher's clothes.

The novel of Rousseau has spread a charm over the country between Lausanne and Vevay, and by Clarens to the castle of Chillon; and surely never was there a scene so worthy the highly descriptive powers of such a writer. The vineyards rise by terraces one above the other to the summit of the hills on one side of the road, and end only at the edge of the water on the other, and the houses bespeak that just degree of opulence, which supposes some remains of former simplicity; in addition to these beauties of art and nature it was now the midst of vintage, the fields and the roads were filled with people of all ages, gathering, or carrying, or pressing grapes, and all that could delight the eye or gladden the heart of man, seemed assembled in one spot. Vevay is a pretty little town which you will find well described in twenty books of travels; but Clarens seems too small a place to have been dignified with the birth and residence of Julia. I did not see a single house where I could suppose Mons. de Wolmar to have lived, nor anything worthy of the description which St. Preux gives of the garden and pleasure grounds: a little farther stands Chillon, where the fatal accident is supposed to have happened: this ancient castle, flanked with four gloomy towers, is built on a rock, which projects into the Lake, and which, were the water withdrawn by some such convulsion of nature as we every day see the effects of, would hang over a most frightful precipice: no length of line which could ever be commanded at the spot, has proved sufficient to reach the bottom.

We walked about the Castle for sometime, and then went down into what was the dungeon of for-

mer days; it is considerably below the surface of the Lake, and has a most dungeon-like appearance: no wretch has pined there for the last century, but there remains the very ring to which Bonnivard was chained, and which confined all his movements to a half circle of a few feet, for seven years: he was a Genevan, who though a priest, had ventured to oppose the pretensions of the Duke of Savoy, and whose patriotism brought down upon him the heavy doom of perpetual captivity in this dismal place; but the forces of Berne drove off those of the Duke, took possession of the Castle, and liberated the poor Genevan: we may, in some measure, conceive his feelings, when the noise of his liberators passing over the drawbridge, was heard below; and if you wish to be still more strongly impressed with the ideas, natural upon such an occasion, read Madame De Genlis's description of the Duchesse of C....; you cannot have forgotten her long confinement, and the interesting account she is made to give of it.

Having embarked at Chillon, we coasted along the extremity of the Lake, passed through the turbid stream of the Rhone, and landed at a solitary house at the foot of the steep rock which overhangs the Lake, and which takes its name from the neighbouring village of Millerai. We were now in the republick of the Vallais, which is spread along the sides of the Rhone, as that of the Grisons is along the Rhine. It is worth your attention to observe on the map how nearly the sources of these two great rivers approach, and what different directions they afterwards take. Not far from them rises a third mighty river, the Danube, which has kingdoms and nations of its own to visit in another direction: observe the various courses of these kindred waters mingling at last in the great Atlantick, like children of the same family leaving the paternal mansion at an early age, following their various pursuits in life, and never meeting but in eternity.

Coxe will give you a good idea of the Grisons, but you must not trust altogether to Rousseau's account of the Vallaisans; trust rather to that of Miss Williams, all Jacobin as she is.

The frequency of ideots, and of other persons deformed by a monstrous swelling on the throat, is a calamity which afflicts the Vallais, and which has ever been peculiar to the Alps,* where a confined and vitiated air in the deep and narrow vallies acts as powerfully as the wand of Circe: the people of the mountains, on the contrary, are an active, healthy race, who pass their days in a comfortable ignorance; frugality is a virtue of very common growth among them, particularly in the Italian Alps, where coarse rye bread, baked twice a year, a bowl of milk, and garlick, with now and then, upon particular occasions, a little dried cow beef, or goat's flesh, satisfies all their wants, and completes the circle of their enjoyments: I have seen the father of a family at Macugnaga, says Monsieur de Saussure, go gravely to his cupboard of an evening, and return from it, after having carefully put the key into his pocket, with a handful of garlick, which he distributed, clove by clove, to his wife and children; and this was all the seasoning their appetite rendered necessary to a morsel of dark bread, which was

* Juvenal mentions it as proverbial in his time.

to be bruised between two stones before they could eat it.

But, what will surprize you still more, he says that the people of this country, who occasionally have descended into the plain, and tasted the luxury of the lower world, snatch every moment that they can to enjoy their native Alps again, and never leave their garlick and their hard rye bread without tears of regret.

For The Port Folio.

NEW BIOGRAPHY OF SALLUST.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

We so seldom find the talents which make men admirable, united with those qualities of the heart which render them amiable, that many have supposed such perfections to be, in some degree, incompatible; have imagined, that refinement in individuals, as well as nations, is generally purchased at the expense of purity and innocence, and that the son of knowledge too often corrupts while it illuminates. It cannot be denied, that the union of virtue and genius is a phenomenon almost as rare as it is glorious; and amply as human nature abounds in contrarieties, it does not produce a more degrading alloy, a more melancholy mixture, than that of talents with profligacy. We contemplate a character of this kind, in which meanness is so blended with sublimity, as a traveller through Greece and Asia looks on these motley structures, in which broken marbles and columns are found mixed among the vilest rubbish, and the fragments of ancient splendour are converted to purposes of filth and wretchedness. Such is the mortifying spectacle which the life of Sallust presents: alternately exciting our admiration and contempt by the vigour of his intellect and the corruption of his heart, he seems to have studied all that is excellent in theory, for the sole purpose of avoiding it in practice.

He was born at Amiternum, in the country of the Sabines, in the year of Rome 668. The family of the Sallustii was good but not illustrious; and it does not appear that, previous to the time of the historian, the name had acquired either rank or celebrity at Rome. He was in his eighth year, when Sylla, after a life of tyranny and faction, died with a composure of spirit which better men might emulate.* The honours which the Romans paid to the memory of this extraordinay person, afford a most striking example of the anomalies of the human mind. His government had been a series of murders and proscriptions; ninety senators had fallen the victims of his cruelty, and near three thousand knights had been massacred or exiled. He had sacrificed to the rage of civil dissension the blood of one hundred thousand citizens; and yet around the pile of this foe to her liberties, Rome did not blush to exhibit all the pageantry of grief;† and the shower of rain which happened to fall

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* When Sylla found that he was dying, he hastened to put a finishing touch to those memoirs of himself, from which some interesting traits are preserved to us. Among the many examples of a calm resignation of life, which the Pagan world has left for our instruction, there is none perhaps more gracefully firm than that which Tacitus has recorded of the polished voluptuary, Petronius. His death was indeed (as St. Evremont calls it) "la plus belle de l'antiquité."

† For the particulars of this splendid ceremony the reader must consult M. de Brosses, in his very skilful Supplement to

after the burning of the body, was supposed by the infatuated people to be sent expressly by heaven at that moment, to cool the ashes of the tyrant, and give him, even in death, some proof of its interposition in his favour.

As long as Sylla lived, notwithstanding his abdication of power, the influence of his name and the terrour of his presence, were sufficient to repress every thought of innovation. The man still remained, though the dictator was no more. But, as soon as he died, this calm of cowardice ceased, and the claims of the respective factions were renewed with all their former animosity. The cause of the people was but little advanced in the struggle, and the power of Pompey, which succeeded to that of Sylla, preserved to the nobles that high superiority which the aristocratick laws of the dictator had given them.

The early pursuits of Sallust were such as might be expected from the discordant qualities of which his character was composed. While the learned philologer Atteius presided over his studies, and fed his mind with that pure attick eloquence which we find transfused so admirably into his writings, the abandoned Nigidianus was the companion of his debaucheries; and it is to be feared, that even Nature herself was not sufficiently respected in their orgies. With such dispositions we cannot wonder, that, when Sallust applied his attention to political affairs, he should adopt the popular faction as the more favourable to his views and character, and as opening a field for his ambition, while it flattered all his baser propensities. His first appearance in publick life seems, however, to have been rather unsuccessful, and he thus complains of his failure in the History of Cataline's Conspiracy: "I was induced, in my younger days, by my own inclination, and the example of others, to devote my time to the affairs of the republick; but the impediments were numerous which I met with in this pursuit. Instead of modesty, temperance, and publick spirit, I saw nothing around me but boldness, bribery, and rapacity; and though my mind, as yet unaccustomed to corruption, was struck with disgust at the depravity which it witnessed, yet, young and thoughtless in the midst of profligacy and temptation, I caught the infection of the times, and became the victim of cupidity and ambition."*

Ambition, however, was not the only feeling which occupied, at this time, the ardent spirit of Sallust. Fausta, the wife of Milo, and daughter of Sylla,† one of

the remains of Sallust, tom. i. p. 377. He seems, in the following passage, to have imitated the pompous formula of the King's toast in Hamlet: "Le sénat répondoit aux trompettes par des acclamations lugubres: les chevaliers répondoient au sénat: l'armée aux chevaliers: toute la populace à l'armée."

* This passage recalls to our minds the account which Lucian so feelingly gives, of the disgust with which he retired from the profession of the law: "As soon as I perceived the numberless inconveniences which necessarily attend the professours of the law; as soon as I knew the deceit and falsehood, the effrontery, clamour, and dissension, which characterize them, I naturally fled with disgust from the pursuit, and turning my mind to thy beauties, O Philosophy! it was my wish beneath thy auspices to pass whatever yet remained of my existence, like one gliding into a peaceful harbour from all the inclemency of winds and waves."

† Fausta was one of those heathen ladies, whom a father of the church very elegantly styles "*expolitæ libidinis victimæ*." Her gallantries indeed were rather multifarious; for time has preserved us the names of five

those beautiful philanthropists, who study more to bless than to tantalize mankind, was wooed by the young historian, and did not distinguish him by a refusal. He seems, however, to have been as unlucky in love as in politicks. The husband was officious enough to interrupt the lovers "*dans un moment*," if we may believe the learned President De Brosses, "*fort essentiel et tout-à-fait critique pour l'honneur du mari*," and the gallant was dismissed after a chastisement so severe, and so degrading, that it disgusted him forever with intrigues in consular families. Indeed so complete was the reformation which the lash of Milo produced, that Sallust is said to have declared sometime after in the senate-house, upon being reproached with the immorality of his life, that "he had given up women of rank, and taken to the daughters of freedmen."*

Libertinarum dico, Sallustius in quas
Non minus insanit quam qui mœchatur.
Horat. Sat. ii. Lib. 1.

We cannot ascertain the period of his life, when he first aspired to the honours of magistracy; but as the quæstorship was a previous step to the other offices which he appears to have held, we may suppose that he obtained this situation soon after he had reached the age which the laws rendered necessary for its attainment. In the year 702 he was elected a tribune of the people, and it is less a subject of triumph to him than it is of disgrace to the times in which he lived, that Cato should have failed at a moment when Sallust was successful.* He had now an opportunity, however, of revenging himself upon the husband of Fausta, whose trial for the murder of Clodius took place during the year of his tribuneship. The factious spirit of Clodius had long disturbed the commonwealth. His animosity to Cicero, after the suppression of the conspiracy of Cataline, had been so actively exerted, that, notwithstanding the influence of the senate, who regarded Cicero as their grandest bulwark, that great man, with a timidity which was the blemish of his character, yielded to the popular clamour, and retired into voluntary banishment. A triumph so signal, and in some degree unexpected, was sufficient to intoxicate the party of Clodius; and their insolence was such as generally follows a

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of her lovers, and we may of course allow for a considerable number, who had either the discretion or the luck to lie concealed. Macrobius tells a lively witticism which was suggested by the names of two of these favoured gentlemen: Faustus, Syllæ filius, cum soror ejus eodem tempore duos mœchos haberet, Fulvium Fullonem et Pompeium Maculum: Miror, inquit, sororem meum habere maculam, cum fullonem habeat." Saturnal. l. ii. 2. Unfortunately the pun here is not translateable; but there is another ancient witticism upon a similar subject, which, though it has nothing to do with Fausta, deserves to be repeated. When Porcius, son to Cato of Utica, was in Cappadocia, he intrigued with the fair Psyche, who was wife to his friend Maphradates. "What close friends" (it was remarked) "are Porcius and Maphradates! they have but one soul between them."—φιλοι δυο, ψυχη μια.—It should perhaps have been premised, for the sake of some readers, that Psyche is the Greek for soul.

* "Sallustius tanto ardore insanivisse in libertinos, quanto mœchus in matrones: quod cum illi in senatû à censoribus objectum esset, respondit: Se non matronarum sed libertinarum sectatorem esse." Schol. in Sat. Horat. Lib. i. Sat. ii.

* He alludes to this preference, with some degree of vanity, in the introductory part of the Jugurthine War, where he says, "When the juncture in which I succeeded to the magistracy is considered, as well as the respectability of those who were disappointed in the same pursuit," &c. —Castilioneus, however, is of opinion, that the prætorship was the object of rivalry to which the passage refers; and he is possibly correct.

momentary advantage in civil dissensions. During these events the designing Cæsar, whose mind never wandered from its mighty object, abetted the party of Clodius and the populace; while Pompey, with a fluctuation which never yet characterized greatness, after abandoning Cicero to the persecutions of Clodius, assisted Milo in his hostility to the latter, and then attached himself again to the demagogue with the hope of supplanting the popularity of Cæsar. The absence of Cicero was not protracted very long; the law for his recall was passed by acclamation, and the vanity of the oratour was gratified by a kind of triumphal entry into Rome. Such were the transactions which preceded the year 702, when Sallust became a tribune of the people. The commotions of the former year were continued with unabating fury; and the first event which gave Sallust an opportunity of exerting his talents and gratifying his revenge, was a violent struggle for the consulship between Milo, Hypsæus, and Scipio. His ignominious exposure in the bed-chamber of Fausta still rankled in the heart of the historian, and he eagerly coalesced with Clodius in opposition to the authour of his disgrace. The riots and massacres to which the contest gave rise were but a repetition of those barbarous scenes of blood by which Rome, the great theatre of the world, was so often stained and degraded. At length the murder of Clodius put a crown to these party excesses, and raised the indignation of the populace as high as their demagogues could desire. The particulars of the trial of Milo are, perhaps, better remembered by the scholar than any other detailed transaction of antiquity, from its having given birth to the most polished piece of eloquence that ancient or modern genius has ever produced. But, unfortunately, the talent to write was not seconded by the courage to speak; the muse of oratory trembled before the legions of Pompey; and Milo, amidst the luxuries of his banishment at Marseilles, confessed himself indebted to the timidity of his advocate for the very delicate mullets to which it had been the means of introducing him.

Sallust was one of the managers of this memorable trial; and even without reference to the authority of Pedianus,* we may imagine the degree of acrimony with which the prosecution was conducted. His enmity to Cicero, which had originated, perhaps, in their political differences, and was at length become a personal feeling, displayed itself, upon this occasion, openly and malignantly. Assisted by his colleagues, Rufus and Munacius, he endeavoured to implicate the oratour in the guilt of Milo, and did not hesitate to say, in the course of his violent harangues, that "though the arm of Milo had struck the blow, the head of a greater man had planned it."

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* "Inimicissimas conciones de Milone habebant." Ascon. Pedian. in Milon. Ciceron.—This seems to have been the only occasion (if we except his virtuous declaration before the senate) on which Sallust appeared as a publick speaker His habits of concise and elaborate composition were not very favourable to that ready flow of thought which is the first requisite to extemporaneous eloquence. It was said of Hortensius, the rival of Cicero, "*dicebat melius quam scripsit;*" and indeed the talents of writing and speaking have been very seldom united. An oratour in some degree resembles an *improvvisatore*, and it is always with difficulty, and seldom with success, that either can submit to the trammels of regular composition.

The biographers of Sallust have supposed that soon after the termination of this affair, some pacifick overtures were made by the parties to each other, and a kind of reconciliation established between the historian and Milo. It is, certainly, not difficult to believe that men so ambitious and profligate would readily assume any feeling, either of hatred or amity, which promised to promote the factious design of the moment; for the heart has no share in the transactions of a true politician, and there is as little of principle in his enmity as there is of sincerity in his friendship. But we do not find a sufficient motive for this accommodation; and that Sallust did not cease to be obnoxious to the partisans of Milo appears by his subsequent expulsion from the senate, which may be safely attributed to their machinations. This signal degradation he suffered in the year 704, and it cannot be doubted that the licentiousness of his life concurred with the zeal of his enemies in bringing him to such publick debasement, and almost justified their hostility.* The ignominous retirement to which he was dismissed had scarcely lasted two years, when the return of his patron Cæsar, into Italy, after a long series of the most splendid victories, consoled his mortified spirit and gave a new spring to his ambition. It was at this period he is supposed to have written his first letter to Cæsar on the regulation of the commonwealth;† and if history and experience did not amply teach us the hollowness of that zeal which demagogues profess for liberty, we should wonder at the apostacy which he exhibits throughout this extraordinary composition. No longer the advocate of free government, he looks to arbitrary power as the only hope of salvation to the state, and urges Cæsar to assume the sovereignty with an earnestness, which we might respect, if we could but think it disinterested. The adulation which breathes through this letter is equally unlike the republican character of the writer, and we cannot imagine the female robe to have sat more awkwardly on the limbs of Achilles than the garb of flattery hangs about the nervous sentences of Sallust. This sacrifice of principle, however, was not left unrewarded, and the influence of Cæsar procured his appointment to the quæstorship, by which, after two years of humiliation, he was restored to his senatorian rank. During the period of his office, or a short time after, while Cæsar was occupied in the siege of Alexandria, he composed his second political letter; and as the object to which he had formerly directed the ambition of the conqueror, was in a great measure secured by the blind devotion of the senate, who had lately united in the person of Cæsar the three incompatible dignities of dictator, consul and tribune of the people, the tenour of this address is more calm, enlightened, and dispassionate; and the luminous glimpse which he gives of the last dying moments of the republick is interesting and instructive.

In the year 708, upon the return of Cæsar to Rome, he was raised to the high situation of prætor,

* M. Le Clerc and others seem to think; that the censors inflicted this disgrace upon Sallust on account of his *bonnes fortunes* among the matrons of Rome; but the passage in Dion Cassius, who is our only respectable authority for the story, does not warrant such a conclusion.

† This letter is the second as they stand in the common editions of Sallust, where the chronological order is evidently inverted.

and about the same time became the husband of Terentia, whom Cicero had been obliged to divorce, after an experiment of thirty years. It is difficult to account for this singular choice of the historian,* unless we can suppose that it proceeded from his animosity to Cicero, and that he was happy to receive a deserter from the hostile camp who could best betray to him the weakness of the enemy.

(To be concluded in our next.)

For The Port Folio.

POLITE LITERATURE.

(Continued from page 335.)

Parental affection, as existing among mankind, arises from sources which are both immediate, and intermediate; the latter being peculiar to the human race, the former common only to females, throughout the greater part of animated nature.

This source of affection, in its origin immediate, and in its influence on the more tender sex so universal, appears to arise from a peculiar ordinance of nature, whereby the parent is endowed with an extraordinary capacity to receive, and the offspring with a power no less surprizing, to excite, the most delightful sensations. These are in general more than a counterpoise for all the pains, difficulty, and danger, to which the parent is exposed in affording support and protection. However, among the lower orders of creation, the pangs of hunger are found sometimes to overbalance the pleasurable sensations excited by offspring, and among mankind, the fear of infamy has, in some instances, usurped the place of those pleasurable sensations, which, ordinarily entwine the self-love of the mother, with the preservation of her child. Of this horrible commutation of feeling, the sufferings and genius of the celebrated Savage have consigned to infamous perpetuity a most memorable instance. How we shudder on reading the just execration of this unfortunate son:

Mother miscalled, farewell! of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear,
All I was wretched by to you I owed,
Alone from strangers every comfort flowed.

It is not to be inferred, from what has been said above, that I conceive a capacity to exist in each individual parent solely to receive pleasure from its own proper offspring, nor a power in the latter exclusively to excite pleasure in its own proper parent: but it is to be understood, that there is at a certain period a capacity in every parent, to receive pleasure from offspring of its own species, of a certain age, and a consonant power in these, under the same circumstances, to excite pleasure. The child of another, held unwittingly in the arms of a recent mother, would, undoubtedly, excite the same pleasurable sensations as her own, if presented to her before any acquaintance with the features of the latter

† After the death of Sallust, when Terentia must have been about fifty-six years of age, she was married to Messala Corvinus, another celebrated oratour; which has led the pious St. Jerome to congratulate her upon having been put through such a course of oratours. But this was not all: so late as the reign of Tiberius, Terentia still had charms to captivate the antiquarian Rufus, who married her after she had passed her hundredth year, and thought himself the happiest virtuoso in Rome to possess two such valuable antiques in his collection, as the chair of Cæsar and the wife of Cicero. See Dion Cassius, lib. lvii. for some pleasant remarks upon this taste of Rufus.

could subject the deception to a discovery. But should this take place, the consequent abhorrence of the authours, and, perhaps, the instrument, of a deceit so cruel, and affrontive to every sentiment, and habitude, of human nature, would more than counterpoise the power of the infant to excite pleasure. The commutation of their own progeny for that of another, hardly appears to excite the notice of animals devoid of the conceptions or habitudes which should subject the change to detection, or abhorrence.

I have already hinted that the source of affection thus described, was only to be considered as operating immediately on the more gentle sex. The few instances among animals, where the male is associated with the female, in the protection of their young, may be considered as the result of constancy to the female. Or it may be imagined, that where this constancy is intended by nature, both are endued with a common susceptibility. Among mankind, however, it is evident that there is little of this sort of attachment, which does not arise from constancy and tenderness towards the mother, and consequent sympathy with her sensations. Or otherwise, wherefore are illegitimate children so often deserted, even where there is a perfect conviction of the unmerited fidelity, and warm, though ill-requited affection of the conjoint authour of their being. It is true, that illegitimate children are not always deserted, and that the mothers of legitimate offspring are not always the objects of constancy and affection; but in such instances, a hold is retained through channels very different from that which I have just been describing, but which it is now time to display.

These lead to a coincidence between the self-love of the parent, and that of the child, intermediate in its origin, and peculiar to the human species.

Next to ourselves, it is our nature to place that which proceeds from us, of which we are, beyond all doubt, the exclusive authour, and with which we feel a more close alliance, than with any other object. To a being thus situated many powerful passions tend to attach us. In ordinary minds, vanity and pride, and in those which are more elevated, ambition, and the love of glory, indissolubly bind mankind to that which may reflect consequence or lustre by success, or opprobrium by failure, and in which the advantages enjoyed by self, may be perpetuated most nearly to it, in lieu of being scattered among an indifferent crowd.

But a more amicable support for this species of parental affection is founded on those celestial qualifications of the human bosom, which give rise to sympathy.

This most fertile source of all that is valuable in human nature, produces a coincidence between our feelings, and that of every object in distress; since we feel oppressed by painful sensations until relief is offered by ourselves, or by others. But in those cases, where relief appears justly, or necessarily to be demanded of us in particular, the tie must be indissoluble to any but the hardest heart. Such is the situation of the father and his child, whom he cannot expect to find compassion, support, or protection in another, if deserted by him; and of whose sufferings whether in soul or body, he would be negatively, the cruel,

criminal, and despicable authour. A father deaf to every sentiment but self interest, may still dread the day, when his child may arraign him in words similar to those which Savage applies to his unnatural mother.

"You, unenslav'd by nature's narrow laws,
Warm championess for freedom's sacred cause,
From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
From ties maternal, moral and divine,
Discharg'd my grasping soul; push'd me from shore,
And lanch'd me into life without an oar."

"——No Mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with pray'r:
No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd."

It is upon grounds somewhat similar to these, that foundlings sometimes obtain that protection from the stranger, which necessity or the fear of infamy may have constrained their parents to deny them.

The child deserted by its natural protectors, must obtain a claim on the being who first meets it for as much protection, as can be afforded consistently with higher duties, a claim that will be answered in proportion as its immediate protector, is more under the influence of sympathy, than under the baser propensity to immediate gratification. It must be obvious that all the extrinsick ties which thus arise between the father and his child, equally operate on the mother and tend to the confirmation of that union, which in her originated from the intrinsick source already described, as infixed in her by nature and extended to the father by sympathy.

When different beings discover in each other a capacity somewhat exclusive, to afford mutual delight, through the direct excitement of refined thoughts, and exquisite emotions; a coincidence of self love must ensue, which may be called immediate, because immediately resulting from their own intrinsick qualifications.

The friendship arising from this coincidence, would appear to be eminently distinguished, from such as originate in the adventitious sources described in the preceding chapter. Indeed were it not for the illusive power of fancy, few would find in each other the qualifications, requisite for the origin or support of this more genuine friendship: the mere existance of which, so far as it is not founded in the imagination, would appear to be demonstrative of a similar and peculiar superiority. For without superiority of a similar kind, or its fancied existence, there can be no direct and exclusive capacity, to afford that mental repast, of which the diversification, and repetition, can be the only lasting cause of immediate mutual interest.

The fancied idea of peculiar superiority, is the most frequent basis of the better component part of love. And on the same imaginary foundation, frequently arise the violent attachments of young people of the same sex, at the age when they first become susceptible of this passion. But as whatever is founded in the imagination, is necessarily unbounded; the attachments thus originating, are equally noted for their enthusiasm, and for that ephemeral duration, which necessarily awaits the fabrications of fancy. Undoubtedly, the growth and production of these juvenile attachments, is very much stimulated, by the vanity of displaying sentiments which may excite admiration; by the pride of realizing appearances, and our own primi-

tive expectations; and more than all by a certain "craving void" implanted in the bosom of youth, for the wisest purposes; but which being diverted by the constraints of delicacy, or custom, from its natural object, is exercised upon such as are within its scope. But all these exciting causes, only act by disposing the mind to blind itself to reality, and to indulge in the more pleasing illusions of fancy, whose delusive decorations, must notwithstanding be dissipated by experience, and with them the vivacious pleasure to which they gave rise. Nevertheless from a good heart, the traces of these attachments, are rarely effaced unless by subsequent injury; as there must to the last be a coincidence of pleasurable feeling, in the recollection even of a delusion, which had been productive of reciprocal delight.

Genuine affection may sometimes originate, without a real return of sentiment, but then it must be expected or imagined. In love that attachment which arises, independent of a real, expected, or imagined reciprocity; is founded on that fondness for personal charms, which does not come within the scope of this essay.

That the only true, and lasting support, of this species of friendship, is a real, similar, and peculiar superiority of the heart, and head, must be as obvious as, it is evident, that the only unfailing direct source of sentimental delight between human beings, must be the reciprocal excitement of exquisite emotions, by the interchange of the refined conceptions of the soul. Crude ideas, and coarse feelings, are too limited in their number, and too ordinary, to afford vivacious or lasting pleasure.

The enjoyment of such as deal in sentiments of this stamp, rather arises from the vanity of being heard, than the pleasure of listening, whence there can only ensue an alternate gratification, which is widely different from a simultaneous one; however, the rapidity of the alternation, may deceive those concerned.

In fact so far as we associate for the pleasure of expressing our own sentiments, there is a real opposition of self-love; which however tacitly compromises, for alternate indulgence; the anticipated return of which, balances the intermediate deprivation. Further it is evident, that the coarse, and the crude, can never regale each other with the mental banquet; since they have little appetite for the food, and less capacity to produce it. It is by the refinement and subdivision of ideas, that they are multiplied and improved; and that those with whom they originate, are enabled reciprocally to afford an inexhaustible flow of interesting, and novel sentiments, in the discussion or comparison of which, they receive perpetual delight.

But almost every superiour mind, has a peculiar way of analysing and subdividing ideas; and as language calculated for general use, and necessarily corrupted by it, must be inadequate to the conveyance of peculiar conceptions, there is a great, if not an insurmountable difficulty, in conveying them to such, as either from disparity, or diversity of nature, may not have contemplated the world in the same way. On this account similitude is to a great degree indispensable. For it cannot be imagined, that those who contradict, or misunderstand each other, at every step, can excite reciprocal pleasure by the communication or

comparison of their ideas. The vulgar remark, that we like our opposites in character, is therefore a paradox, when applied to the mind; though it may be just, as it regards the temper.

That peculiarity is requisite, for the origin and support of this species of friendship, is evident from the consideration, that if we experience in various quarters the same congeniality, our feelings would be weakened by division: for the current of affection, like all other currents, must be enfeebled by diversion into various channels. The more that those qualifications of our friend, which afford us delight are exclusively his, the more ardently do we prize his society, and the more bitterly do we lament his absence, or decease.

Friendship founded in this last most elevated basis, must necessarily be as durable, as the qualifications from which it originates, and when from any cause a change ensues in these; they must still in common with all the other causes which influence the soul to affection, leave impressions cherished by a reminiscent pleasure, proportioned to their original vivacity and elevation. Probably no source of attachment would be more durable, were the souls of those concerned, to progress in a common path of improvement, uninfluenced by opponent passions. But mixture with the world, too often perverts them into discordant channels of mental exercise: while the heart is hardened, and jarring passions arise. But when existing between individuals of different sex, when combined with that influence which ordinarily constitutes the passion of love, and when cemented by those which give rise to conjugal affection, this species of attachment must of all others be the most celestial and permanent. Such a contexture of indissoluble and blissful ties and attractions must carry "friendship to its noontide point, and give the rivet of eternity." "High-flavoured bliss for gods! on earth how rare."

But after having analytically investigated the sources of human attachments, when we return to survey their momentuous influence in the human bosom, we feel as if there was something in the effect for transcending the probable influence of apparent causes: and borne by fancy above the just restraints of analytick deduction we may imagine ourselves arrayed with a peculiar faculty or sense of affection, the most exquisite result of all our senses, nay above all sense, which is more refined than contact, or even the gentlest touch of vision, an influence celestial, mysteriously exciting in congenial souls ineffable delight, as that which floating on the wings of harmony produces in kindred instruments reechoing unison.

ANALYTICUS.

For The Port Folio.

CLASSICAL LEARNING.

(*Continued from page* 301.)

ANACREON was a native of Teos, and applied himself to Lyrick Poetry, with small pretensions to genius, and sometimes little regard to decency. He possessed a correct taste, and an exact acquaintance with the weaknesses of human nature. His Odes are simple, perspicuous, and tender; and appear to be written with the greatest ease. The gratification of human passions constitute their sole subject, and they display the careless gayety of a mind resolved to be at ease, and giving itself no trouble about tomorrow. Probably the smoothness and ease of his compositions has been the cause of their descending to posterity. The immortality of some names is in some sort ridiculous. Little did Anacreon know that near two thousand years

after his death, Mr. Barnes in England, and Madame Dacier in France, would take so much pains to translate, correct, and ascertain, the reading of the productions of his loose hours. Mr. Balfour of Edinburgh, about thirty years ago published an elegant edition of Anacreon on a square yard of white sattin. So voluptuous a poet could not have desired to have his works published in any other manner!

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Tyrtaeus was a Lacedæmonian. The Athenians had been ordered by the Oracle of Apollo to ask a general from the Lacedæmonians, who, in derision, sent them this Tyrtæus, an old man, and lame, unacquainted with the art of war, but possessed of a great spirit and courage, with a turn for poetry. Horace compares his verses with those of Homer for their tendency to excite a martial spirit. *Post hos insignis Homeri, Tyrtæusque*, &c. This Poet applied the Elegiack measure, commonly used for soft and tender subjects, to a very different purpose, and succeeded, but none since his time have dared to imitate him. What remains of him consists chiefly in a comparative view of the talents of the mind, to show how useless all of them might be to society, unless accompanied by bravery and a military spirit.

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Some account may not be amiss, of those poets, whereof we have only small fragments remaining.

Phocilides composed Elegiack verses, containing moral precepts. Simmias of Rhodes composed a poem in the shape of an egg; another resembling a pair of wings, a shepherd's pipe, an altar, and an ax.

The ancients can dispute the preeminence of folly and false taste, as well as that of propriety, elegance, and beauty. A poem on the story of Hero and Leander is attributed to Musæus, but does not reach that elevated character and rank, which Virgil has given him among the poets. It is the work of an inferiour authour, though, perhaps, pretty ancient.

Menander, and Diphilus were the favourite authours of Comedy among the ancient Greeks, yet we have only a few fragments of them left, which excite us to regret what is lost. We can only conjecture the foundation of their great character among their cotemporaries from a few sentences preserved by accident. Alcæus, Sappho, and Mimnermus, are known only by fame, and small fragments. Theognis, Moschus, and Bion are writers of Elegiack verse, and we have sundry moral sentences of their compositions preserved.

Phalaris, the tyrant of Agrigentum, in Sicily, is not only famous for the brazen bull presented him by Perillus, in which he burnt that artist. His fame is preserved likewise by a small collection of his Epistles, which has descended to posterity. They do not seem intended for publication, and the subjects of them are not very interesting. They are prized chiefly for the language, which is much extolled by the criticks. Mr. Boyle and Dr. Bentley have had furious contests concerning the authenticity of these Epistles. In Theognis, Theocritus, Archimides, and Phalaris we see the colonial language of ancient Greece, and remark with pleasure in what purity they preserved it. It is to be wished, that the English Language may be as well preserved in this country, as the Greek is in the Epistles of Phalaris.

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Plautus composed twenty comedies, which have been preserved to our time. When we reflect that he had only rude examples before him, such as Andronicus, Nævius, and Accius, he may be allowed to possess no small merit. Doubtless, he derived no small assistance from Greek authours, though some of his plays are manifestly originals. His Miser is still read with pleasure and admiration, even after Moliere and Fielding have tried their talents on the same subject. His Amphitruo has been imitated by Mr. Dryden and Moliere. The latter has also imitated his Menechmi, from which, probably, Shakspeare took the first hint of his Comedy of Errours.

The Punick scene in Plautus's Pænulus is the only fragment of that language now remaining. Paræus and Bochart have taken great pains to illustrate its affinity to the Hebrew. Horace scarce seems to do justice to Plautus, and treats his admirers as fools; *At nostri Proavi, &c.* Though not so much celebrated by the criticks, Plautus appears to have possessed as much genius and knowledge of human nature, as any of the ancient dramatick writers.

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Lucan was a native of Corduba in Spain. He wrote the Pharsaliæ or the civil war between Pompey and Cæsar, which may be called an historick rather than a heroick poem. He details his incidents in the order of time they happened, and makes little use of machinery. Lucan wanted not genius, but he was deficient in taste, and the elevation of his style often degenerates into bombast; not but that he likewise has his beauties, but these are not numerous. The genius of Lucan was not equal to the subject he had undertaken, and he sinks under the weight of the great characters of Cæsar, Cato, Pompey, and Cornelia, which he endeavours to repre-

sent. As a describer of nature he sometimes deserves praise. Being obliged to cut his veins by Nero he died repeating some of his own verses, in which he had represented a person dying by loss of blood.

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Statius was a little genius, and may be called a versifier, rather than a poet. His Thebaid is a mere imitation of Virgil and Homer, and bears few marks of invention. The work of Statius has that dulness which is inseparable from works of mere imitation. His Silvæ and Achilleid are entirely of the same character, and instead of representing nature, recal to the memory of an attentive reader, those passages only of ancient poets, which he has marred by endeavouring to imitate. Statius's Thebaid has been lately translated into English. What a capricious thing is popular approbation! It would be strange if he should become a favourite authour.

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Silius Italicus was a man of letters, ambitious of the reputation of a poet, but not designed by nature for poetical compositions. He was the friend of the younger Pliny, and paid great respect to the memory of Virgil. He has writ the History of the Punick War in what he thought heroick verse. His work, probably, cost him much labour, but he was a man of fortune, and had nothing else to do. His language is cold and stiff, and he does not appear to copy from nature, but from other authours. Neither Statius nor he appear to have possessed any high degree of taste or invention. For the sake of brevity, we may apply the same character to Valerius Flaccus, the authour of the Argonauticks. Claudian, Ausonius, and Sidonius Apollinarius were poets of the middle age, and not to be reckoned among classick authours. Panegyrick, Epigram, and the lighter kinds of poetry, were those in which they excelled. It is usually remarked of Claudian, that he wanted only a subject to make him a great poet, but unluckily, he chose the rape of Proserpine, which admitted of little variety and few persons.

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Boethius the Consul, who wrote partly in verse, may be reckoned among the poets of the middle age, as well as Prudentius, who wrote on Christian and sacred subjects, but Prudentius is far inferiour to Boethius in taste and learning. The prose, as well as the verse of Boethius was much admired by his cotemporaries.

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The eight tragedies of Seneca deserve to be mentioned, as being the only performances of that kind extant in the Roman language. Many will not allow them to be the productions of Seneca, the philosopher. Yet they have a Spanish cast, and resemble the writings of those Spaniards who wrote in Latin. This language does not seem well adapted to tragedy, and all the tragedies of Seneca, except the Octavia, are only translations from the Greek.

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Quintus Curtius wrote the History of Alexander the Great. He was a retainer to the Proconsul of Africa, and is said to have been informed of his fate by a supernatural apparition. From what authorities he compiled this work we know not. He does not always agree with Arrian. His language is perspicuous, nervous, and proper, but the two first books of his history are lost. John Freinshomius has writ a supplement to it. Mr. Digby has translated the history of Quintius Curtius rather negligently.

BIOGRAPHY.

Lord Cutts.

Lord Cutts, descended from a family long settled at Arkesdon, in Essex, was son of Richard Cutts, Esq. and successour to his elder and only brother Richard, who died unmarried. Sir John Cutts, of Childerley, in Cambridgeshire, created a baronet in 1660, either from a distant relationship, or merely for having the same surname, adopted his father as his heir; by which means a considerable estate and an elegant seat at Childerley centered in him; who, upon this accession of fortune, disposed of his Essex estates, and fixed his family residence at Childerley.

Lord Cutts was bred to arms. Attaching himself to the duke of Monmouth, he followed his fortunes as aid-de-camp to the duke of Lorrain, in Hungary. On his return, he became an attendant upon the Princess Mary, and went with her highness, on her marriage, into Holland. William III, procured him the command of an English regiment in the Dutch service. Shocked at the conduct of James II, "the Protestant religion being dearer to him than all things in this world," he accompanied the prince of Orange to England in 1688, who gave him the second regiment of foot-guards; created him, Dec. 6,

1690, Baron Cutts, of Gournan, in Ireland; and, in 1693, appointed him governour of the Isle of Wight. As he had represented Cambridgeshire in parliament, he was afterwards returned a member for Newport, in the Isle of Wight. He often distinguished himself in the House of Commons as an oratour;—but it was a little too much like court-martial law, when he proposed that Captain Porter's evidence should be allowed sufficient to convict Sir John Fenwick, under the idea that, as it was a *new case*, it was allowable.

As the manners of a soldier and the camp were more congenial to his lordship's mind than the comparatively still life of the senate, he accompanied the king to Flanders, and greatly distinguished himself at Namur, the siege of which place was the most brilliant of all William's military transactions. Lord Cutts received a dangerous wound in the head at the above siege; but such was his ardour, that he barely submitted to have it dressed, and immediately returned to his post.

In the reign of Queen Anne he was made a lieutenant-general of the forces in Holland, and employed in all the campaigns of the second war in Flanders, as he had been in the first. Eager for military fame, he willingly shed his blood, and particularly distinguished himself at Steinkirk, at Fort St. Michael, at Venlo (which he carried sword in hand,) Ruremont, Korkslet, and Blenheim; everywhere showing that "he was a stranger to fear," by giving the strongest proofs of intrepidity. Rejecting the idea of implicit obedience to the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Cutts left the service in disgust, and was sent, covered with scars, and crowned with laurels, into a kind of honourable exile, to Ireland, being appointed, March 23, 1704-5, one of the lords justices general of that kingdom, and general of all the forces there. He died in Dublin, Jan. 26, 1706, and his remains were interred on the 29th, in Christ Church cathedral, in that city. His death was lamented by the publick; but Swift disgraced himself by the most illiberal reflections upon this gallant nobleman, in his scurrilous lampoon called the Salamander.

His lordship was not only a patron of poetry* (as Briscoe's dedication to Mrs. Behn's works will serve to prove,) but a poet himself, and as such he is classed among the noble authours. It is acknowledged he had "abundance of wit;" but he has been charged with having too great a portion of "vanity and self-conceit." In his person he was "pretty tall, lusty, and well-shaped." As an officer, extremely vigilant and prompt in execution; in private life an agreeable companion: and so liberal, that his revenues, great as they were, were not sufficient to satisfy the demands made upon them.

"Yet Cutts was no unsocial creature,
"And Lindsay felt for human nature."

Though twice married, he left no issue. His wives were, a sister of Sir George Treby, knt. lord chief justice of the Common Pleas, who was a widow; and the daughter of Sir Henry Pickering, of Whaddon, in Cambridgeshire, bart. well known as the charming Lady Cutts, and who has been noticed in the last reign.

* Sir Richard Steele's popular publication "The Christian Hero," is dedicated to Lord Cutts, a connexion he was led into probably by his military engagement at that time.

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